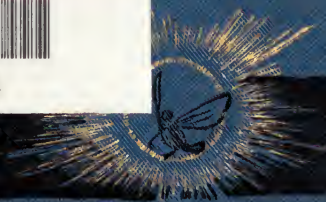


# LIFE'S FAIRY TALES

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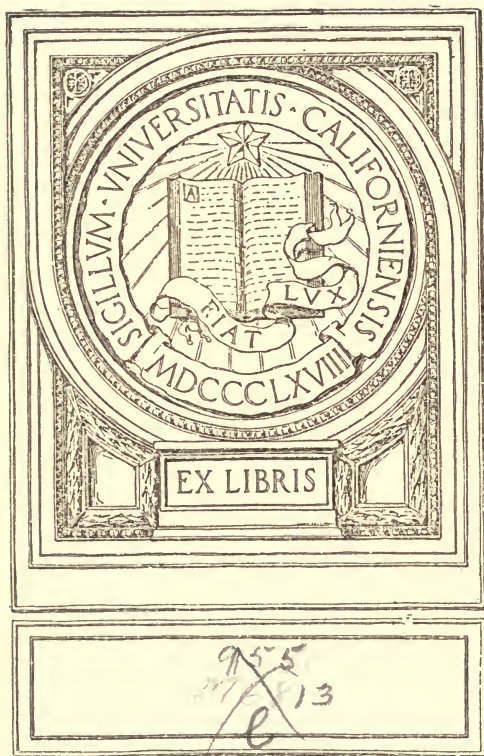


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~ J. A. MITCHELL ~

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST AMERICAN"



75







"PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FLOWER."

(Page 3.)

# LIFE'S FAIRY TALES

BY

J. A. MITCHELL

*Author of "The Last American"*



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
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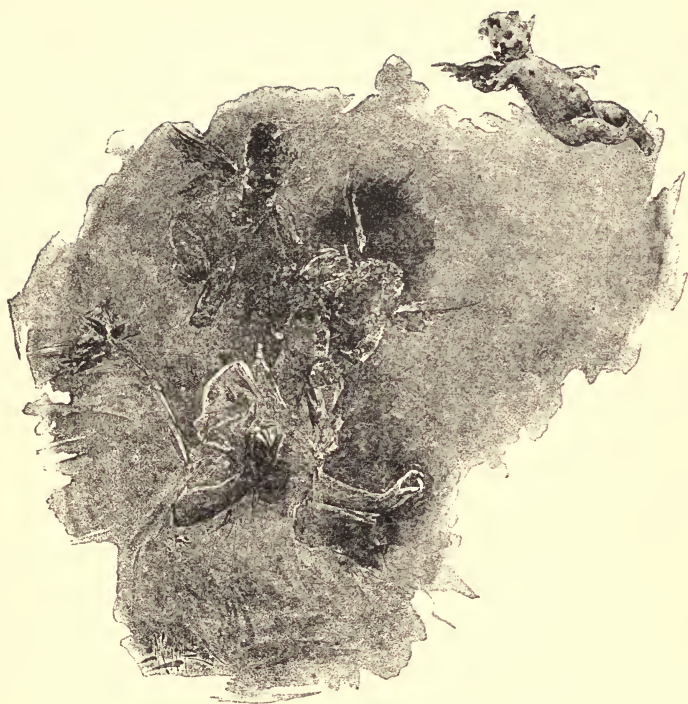
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TO  
M. H. M.,  
WHOSE UNFAILING ENCOURAGEMENT  
IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THE EXISTENCE OF THESE  
DIMINUTIVE TALES.





### THE DROWSY VILLAGE.

Jon was a young man, of surpassing beauty, who went into the world to seek his fortune. The third day of his journey brought him to the Village of Brotherly Love, an enormous settlement covering many square miles, where he met an acquaint-

ance; and he tarried in that colony. It soon came to pass that he was invited to a large party in a patrician mansion. He forthwith attired himself in broadcloth and fine linen, and danced with the maidens and properly disported himself. But while so doing he noticed a plain and somewhat elderly maiden sitting disconsolately against the wall, receiving no attention either from the hostess or the guests. He spoke of this to the son of the house, who answered:

“Oh, she’s of no special importance.”

“But she is a guest,” replied Jon, “and having invited her to your house you cannot snub her!”

“Oh, yes we can!” answered the young man. “We can do more than that in the City of Brotherly Love!” and he hurried away for a partner.

Jon requested the hostess, who seemed amazed at his folly, to present him to the solitary damsel. He then danced with her, and, after bringing rich patties, with salad and other indigestible devices that are never eaten at home, he engaged her in pleasant converse.

She seemed grateful for these attentions,

and when Jon finally bade her good-night, she handed him a poppy, saying :

“ Please accept this flower; it possesses some unusual qualities, among others that of putting people to sleep, by simply waving it in their direction. To wake them you must kiss the sleeper. Good-night.” And away she went, leaving Jon standing alone with the flower. Down among the petals there seemed to be an enormous dewdrop, but when he shook it off it fell on the marble pavement like a hard substance and bounced up again, retaining its shape. Upon picking it up, he found he had between his fingers a diamond of exceeding beauty! Moreover, in its place within the poppy another had appeared, also of great price and astounding brilliancy. And when that in turn was shaken off, yet another took its place.

Jon hurried home, and, in feverish haste, experimented with this desirable flower. The first ten minutes resulted in a pint of diamonds. He danced for joy.

“ I am rich!” he cried, “ rich without limit!” The next morning he distributed the stones among his various pockets and betook him to a jeweler.

"How much is this worth?" he asked, giving one of them for inspection. The jeweler, after consulting with his partner, said:

"We will give you two hundred dollars for it."

When Jon readily accepted this price for a five thousand dollar stone, the jewelers became suspicious, but they paid him the money and he went away. His reappearance, a few days after, with other stones yet more precious, and for which he considered any sum a fair price, confirmed the jewelers in their worst surmises, and Jon was marched before a judge. Several pockets crammed with priceless jewels did not allay suspicion, and he soon found himself in jail.

They had allowed him to keep the poppy, as no one examined it, and no one consequently suspected its value.

On the second day of his imprisonment he remembered the other qualities of the poppy, and straightway tried an experiment.

When the jailer came with his noonday meal, he waved the magic flower toward him, and, to his delight, the burly warden closed his eyes and sank gently to the stone floor of the cell in a peaceful sleep.

Jon lost no time in reaching the courtyard of the jail, but an officer had already seen him and given the alarm. As several jailers rushed toward him, he again waved the poppy, this time in every direction, and lo ! the various guardians forgot their haste and fell napping to the earth. Seeing how beautifully it worked, and noticing the custodians about the gate were becoming alarmed, he held the poppy high in his hand, and turning completely around, he cried :

“Whole city go to sleep !” And the whole city obeyed.

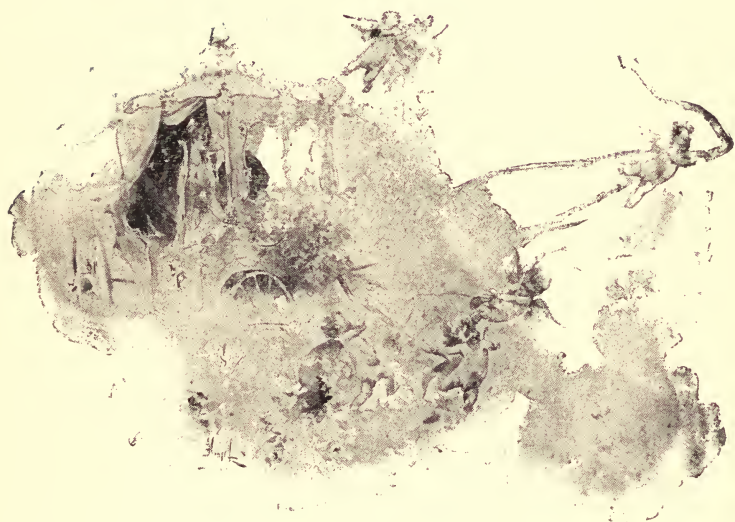
Then he stepped leisurely out into the street, where all was quiet and reposeful. Not a being was awake. A policeman stood leaning against a wall, but he was dozing calmly. The driver and conductor of a passing street car, and all the passengers within, were sound asleep, while the horses, from force of habit, moved gently as they slumbered.

Jon's first thought was to quit the city in the shortest time, and he sped rapidly along. Turning a corner he almost ran into a stylish equipage, the footmen, with closed eyelids, upon the box, the horses lying flat upon the pavement. He started as he recognized



## THE WICKED WIZARD'S SPELL.

the lady in the carriage, for there, dreaming peacefully in the noonday sun, reclined the spinster who had given him the poppy. For the mere pleasure of kissing, he would have preferred a younger maiden, but Jon knew his duty. Standing on the step of the carriage he



reached over and planted a kiss upon her cheek. She awoke, and to his surprise, her mature face grew younger and more beautiful as he gazed upon it. In amazement, he looked enraptured upon this transformation, for she was now a fresh and blooming damsel of scarcely twenty summers. Blushing, as her eyes met his, she explained that a malicious wizard, disguised as a cupid, had entered her chamber one evening just as she was going to a party, and because she had refused to marry his son, changed her into a withered spinster, so to remain until some young man should voluntarily kiss her.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add—this being a fairy tale—that they at once fell deeply in love with each other. Jon kissed the horses, and, although it came hard, he also kissed the driver and footman. Then he and his charming bride were driven rapidly from the drowsy city and lived happily together ever afterward, reveling in the endless riches derived from the unfailing poppy.

The City of Brotherly Love is dozing still.



"HE SUDDENLY FACED ABOUT AND TURNED HIMSELF INTO  
A BISHOP."



## THE FAIRY BISHOP.

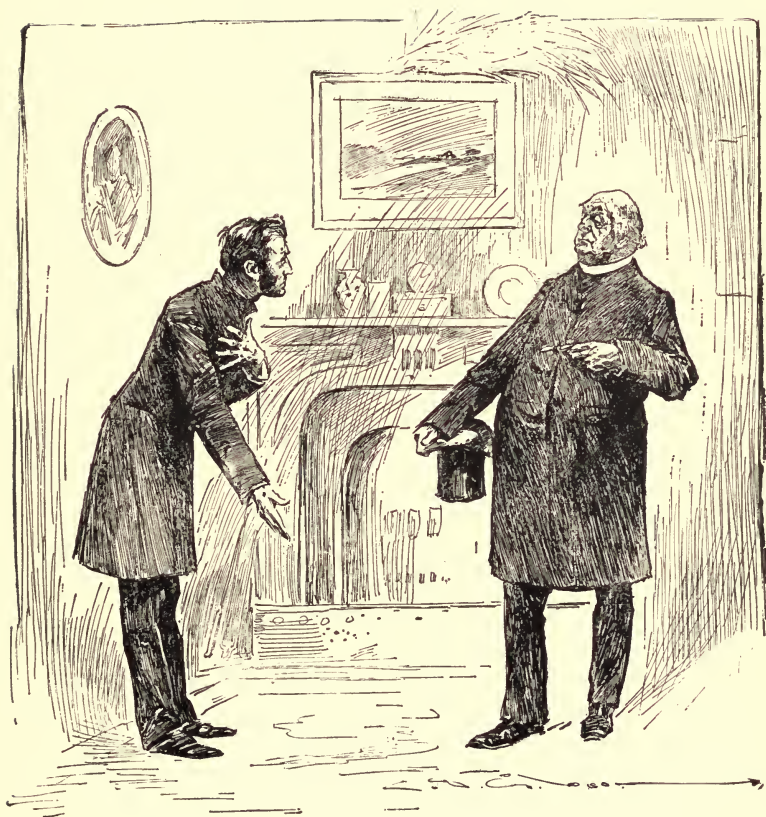
Nightley Hightime was a New England fairy of Puritan descent, who preferred the bustle and excitement of city life to the quieter pleasures of the country. The Golden City of Manhattan being the only settlement in America that offered a metropolitan existence, it came about that he spent most of his time there. One afternoon, as he was floating aimlessly down Fifth Avenue, invisible to others, but seeing everything himself, he noticed two beautiful young ladies, who had picked up a kitten from a doorstep. Each girl, after kissing the kitten and pressing it against her cheek, handed it to the other, who fondled it in a similar fashion. "That must be fun," thought Nightley. "Why shouldn't I be in it?" So he hurried on ahead of the beautiful girls, and, alighting on a convenient doorstep, transformed himself into a most inviting kitten. Now, Nightley Hightime was a married fairy, and he should not have done this. But retribution was close upon him, for two small boys, who were passing at that moment, immediately tried to catch him, and

failing in that set their dog upon him. As luck would have it, there was no place to escape, and Nightley, without reflection, sped nervously up some steps, the dog in hot pursuit. His brain was even quicker than his legs, and he made a swift resolve. As he reached the upper step, he suddenly faced about and turned himself into a bishop. The dog fell back, paralyzed with astonishment. The awe-stricken boys stood still for an instant, then turned and fled. At that moment the door was jerked open behind him and a gentleman cried: "Get away, you——!" but stopped short when he saw the bishop.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I thought I saw some boys and a dog chasing——"

"A kitten," said the bishop; "that was myself. Allow me to enter." The astonished gentleman followed him into the parlor. "You have saved my life," said the bishop, "at least that was your intention, and I desire to reward you. What is your dearest wish?"

"Rest and peace!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I am an Episcopal clergyman, and, as such, I am harried to death with visits



“WHAT IS YOUR DEAREST WISH?”



and ceremonies. The women adore me and they bore me to the edge of madness. It's a pompous, wearisome, empty, sickening life."

"So I should suppose," said the bishop; "but what career would you prefer?"

"I would prefer a career in which I might be equally impressive without my present cares."

"I see," said the bishop. "You want the fun without the work, which is only natural. Have you ever thought of any occupation that would satisfy your longings?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, with some embarrassment; "I have thought I should like to be a family coachman."

"That is asking more than you realize," replied the bishop. "You are probably laboring under the common delusion that a family coachman is mentally inferior to an Episcopal clergyman."

The gentleman seemed surprised.

"A family coachman," continued the bishop, "must possess, in the first place, at least as much tact, dignity, and outward respectability. And, although you may not be prepared to hear this, it requires

a much higher order of intelligence to guide a pair of horses with ease and dignity through the busy thoroughfares of a crowded city than to gallop through the Episcopal service twice a week, with no expression, to a fashionable audience whose minds are upon other matters. As to your discourses, there are probably few men in your congregation who would care to exchange a good pair of horses for all the sermons you are likely to deliver."

The gentleman seemed depressed. Bishop Hightime also assumed a despondent air, and said:

"It might be mortifying to know the exact number of men in one's congregation who would rather exchange their parson than lose a trusted coachman. But cheer up," he added, "you saved my life and you shall have your wish."

And he kept his promise.

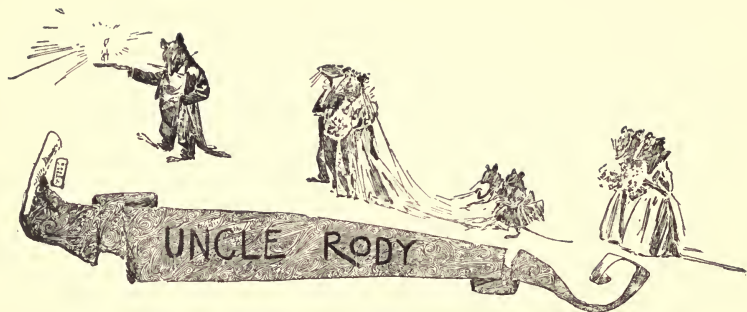
As a driver, the gentleman made a bad mess of it in the beginning, and began to realize the truth of the bishop's words, but he improved with practice and soon did very well.

Others preachers, of course, became envious of their brother's good fortune, and to

this day it is not an unusual thing for Nightley Hightime to grant the same privilege to those clergymen whose intelligence and moral character make them worthy of the trust.

So, whenever you see a coachman whose intense respectability suggests a clerical origin, you will understand how it came about.





There once lived in the Hub of the Universe a man who was the proprietor of a heavy grief, which all came from his only son being a crushing disappointment. He had the most ambitious plans for the future of this son; but as the boy grew up it became evident that he was not only without an idea of his own, but lacked the capacity of recognizing one should he meet it unannounced. He seldom opened his mouth save for the purposes of nourishment. As he was rather handsome, however, it often required time for strangers to discover what an ass he really was. His father had tried for many years to be proud of him, but it was an uphill struggle that wore heavily on his spirit.

One afternoon as some important business led the unhappy father toward a decanter in the butler's pantry, he discovered a little

mouse weeping bitterly in a trap. The prisoner seemed entirely overcome by the horror of his position.

"You appear to be depressed," said the father.

"Well I may be!" answered the mouse. "I was to be married this afternoon; now I shall be—murdered!" and again he broke down.

"Well, such a change of programme must be disappointing," said the unhappy father. "I should be upset myself," and looking around to make sure that no one observed his folly, he opened the cage door. The mouse stepped quickly out and ran across the floor, but stopped in the doorway and said with a polite bow:

"I thank you, sir, a thousand times. You have saved my life, and I shall not forget it."

That night the unhappy father went to bed, thinking gloomily, as was his habit, upon the empty future of his stupid son. He slept but a short time when he was awakened by an unusual sound. As he opened his eyes he discovered two mice upon the foot-board of his bed, singing in

excellent time and with much expression,  
this couplet :

Please accept, O benefactor,  
From a happy bride and groom,  
Hearty thanks for having saved us  
From an unrelenting doom.

Then, seeing he was well awake, they sang  
to a different air and quicker time :

Turn, O turn your grief to joy !  
Call three times for Uncle Rody ;  
You will find him just the boy,  
Just the boy !

Then they scampered down the foot-board and all was still again.

This occurred for three nights. On the third night he finally sat up in bed and said, more to gratify the mice than from any faith in their performance :

“Uncle Rody ! Uncle Rody ! Uncle Rody !”

In a moment there was a violent scratching, then a stout mouse, rather past middle age, clambered up the foot-board. He sat there with his hands folded over his stomach, and seemed a little out of breath.

“Well, what can I do for you ?” he asked.



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

"Turn my grief to joy, if some of your friends have not exaggerated your abilities."

"Nothing easier," said Uncle Rody.  
"What is your grief?"

Then the unhappy father told him all about his son.

"I can easily remedy that," said Uncle Rody, "if you will only take my advice."

"What is your advice?"

"Make your son a physician."

"A physician!" exclaimed the father, "why, he hasn't brains enough for a hod-carrier!"

"No brains are required. Your son has a pompous manner and says little; a combination that is sure to impress a sick man."

"But he could never cure anything!"

"Why should he?" said Uncle Rody. "Nature does that. And when the patients die it is because nothing could have saved them;" and here he gave his listener an enormous wink, out of all proportion to his diminutive eye.

"But the other physicians," said the father; "they would be sure to find him out."

Uncle Rody smiled wearily.

"Are doctors of the same school in the habit of denouncing each other? Your son can murder every patient he treats and his professional brothers will stand by him to

the last. Just give it a little thought and you will take my advice. Good-night !”

. . . . .



HIS FIRST PATIENT.

Three years later the stupid son returned from abroad, after a series of unintelligent studies in the principal medical schools of Europe. His first patient was an influential lady who had the whooping cough. He pronounced it quick consumption. She of course believed him, and when she recovered

was so overcome by her miraculous escape from this usually fatal disease that she recommended him in the most enthusiastic manner to all her friends. His second great success was with a child who had cramps in the stomach. He treated him for curvature of the spine, and as the child came out of it with an excellent figure the wealthy parents overwhelmed him with their gratitude. His reputation was now firmly established. He became a shining light in the profession, and soon after married a merchant princess.

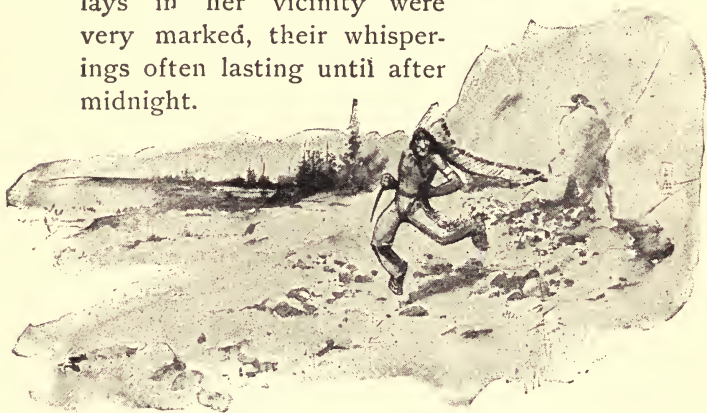




Far away in the Idaho country, at a place where the prairie and the forest meet, there stands a lofty Pine. Though surrounded by many sisters, all of imposing beauty, she is easily the belle of the neighborhood, from the richness of her coloring and the perfect symmetry of her limbs. In earliest youth her natural dignity and ease of manner were the envy of much older trees.

All pines have pleasant voices, but hers has qualities unknown to others. And when the Westwind lingers among the branches, there comes a murmuring music that steals away the senses and lulls the listener to a drowsy ecstasy. They were great friends, this pine tree and the West-

wind. It was breathed along the forest that friendship was too cold a name for it, and young pines would wink and nudge each other when they saw him coming. Although the mighty traveler flirted freely with every beauty in his path, the delays in her vicinity were very marked, their whisperings often lasting until after midnight.



“THE WHITE MEN CAME AND DROVE AWAY THE RED ONES.”

As time went on the white men came and drove away the red ones, and then, out upon the prairie, a dozen miles away, they began a town beside the river. Then a settler came and built a house, laying out his farm close up against the forest. He fell upon the timber, slaying many trees,

until at last he stood beside the anxious belle, and sent his ax into the trunk. A quiver as of farewell to life sped upward to her topmost boughs. The shuddering murmur among her branches was like a prayer for pity. In response another gash was opened in the bark. But here the Westwind gently fanned the chopper's face and besought him to forego his work. The only answer was a swinging blow, and the ax was nearly buried in the quivering trunk. At this the mighty traveler felt within him a force and fury he had never known before. Whirling savagely about he threw himself against the destroyer and commanded him to stop. The man was surprised at this cavorting of the elements, but again he raised his ax, and again the steel struck deep into the yellow wood. With an angry cry something like a wail, but more like a roar, the Westwind wheeled about and swept across the plain. He loosened the roof of the chopper's dwelling as he hurried by and scattered his fence rails far and near. Drawing himself together to occupy as little space as possible, he bounded with unheard of leaps over the prairie and across the river, past the town and out into the open country.



Then he circled savagely about, and rearing himself aloft for hundreds of feet in a whirling, tumultuous tempest, darkening the earth, until it seemed as if the night had come, he started on his errand. Unearthly were the shrieks of the rushing air.

Rising high into the clouds, he fell like a thunderbolt upon the earth, and it quivered beneath the shock. With irregular, gigantic, frightful bounds he



"THE AIR WAS LADEN WITH PROMINENT CITIZENS."





THE MAYOR.

rushed toward the startled town, which, lying in his path, he hurled in splinters about the prairie. The mayor was landed behind a stable nearly a mile from where the cyclone struck him. For a brief period the air was laden with prominent citizens. A railway train, just entering the town and bearing some well known capitalists from the East,

rose bodily from the bridge, then plunged into the river's mud. But these were details in which the Westwind took little interest, and they caused him no delay. With one more bound he was half way from the splintered city to the forest. The farmer, who had long since dropped his ax, now scurried toward his house, believing, correctly, the day of reckoning had come. Before his eyes, as he ran, the house and family, the outbuildings, fences, cattle, carts, and hens, all shot into



THE SURPRISE ON EAGLE MOUNTAIN.

the air, like water up a fountain. A second later the whirlwind caught him. Of his sensations there is no record; of the rate at which he traveled, or the length of his

journey, there is no human knowledge. It is believed by those who loved him that he went straight to heaven. If so, he entered in his stocking feet, as one boot went flying through the window of a school house fifteen miles away, and the other was discovered on the summit of Eagle mountain.

Time has covered over the gashes in the Pine. If you lie upon the brown carpet at her feet she will tell you the story, while the Westwind, who is sure to be fooling among the branches, murmurs a protest against figuring as a hero.



## STILLABEL.

Stillabel was a charming maiden of some thirty summers, who had the pleasure of being passionately loved by an elderly gentleman with twinkling eyes and a wide-awake mustache. She returned his love, but her parents refused to give their consent to the marriage on account of the suitor's age, for Mr. Chipper Greylock had left sixty-five birthdays well behind him. Now it happened that Stillabel was godchild to an en-

terprising and somewhat enthusiastic fairy, who, when she learned the state of affairs, resolved to be of some assistance in the matter. So she flew into Mr. Greylock's window one sultry night, and, tapping him on the forehead as he slept, pronounced certain mysterious words, at the same time blowing an enchanted powder up his nose. And lo! when he awoke the next morning he was thirty-five years younger than when he went to bed the night before. Taking off that thirty-five years was where the enterprising godmother made a grave mistake, for Chipper Greylock had always felt his youth, even at sixty-five, and now that he was thirty he had all the dash and friskiness of a lad of twenty. He became at once a tremendous favorite with the girls, and poor Stillabel soon saw, with a heavy heart, that the boyish Chipper was not the man to wed a woman of thirty. And even before the year was out he had taken to himself a blooming bride of some nineteen summers. All this occurred before the enterprising fairy realized her folly. Although she was very angry with the merry Chipper, she saw it would never do to make him an old man again, as his youthful bride had done noth-



CHIPPER BECOMES YOUNG AGAIN.

ing to deserve such a punishment. Poor Stillabel began to fade away—and it was very evident to the enterprising fairy that she was dying of a broken heart.

She was powerless to save her, particularly as Stillabel insisted upon dying, now that she had nothing to live for. She freely for-



THE BROKEN HEARTED STILLABEL.

gave the cruel Chipper, and her dying request was that she might become a beautiful rose, and blossom forever beneath the window of the faithless lover. This, of

course, was granted by her godmother; but after poor Stillabel's death she could not resist the temptation of stealing again into the sleeping Chipper's bedroom at dead of night and again blowing a powder up his unconscious nose. This time it was no elixir for renewing youth, but an enchanted essence from the rose itself, and the distress it wrought on Mr. Greylock was dire and long drawn out.

Chipper loves this rose and admires its beauty, but every June, for then is the anniversary of his wedding, the fragrance of the flower gives him a violent, malicious, and most undignified cold in the head which nothing can cure, and which clings to him until it is ready to leave. His swollen nose and dewy eyes make life a burden. He feels again like a very old man, but ten times older than ever before.

And thus it affects many others who are faithless in their loves, for it has spread about the land and blossoms everywhere.

So the gentle Stillabel remains forever a thing of beauty and a warning to the wicked. There are, and of course always will be, victims of the rose who protest their innocence, but the guilty were ever thus.



THE  
WEDDING  
THAT  
WASN'T.

**A** YEAR or two ago there lived in Connecticut a man so superior that in his presence all nature was ill at ease. Birds were ashamed of their frivolity and hid their heads when they saw him coming. Dogs blushed for their aimless lives. It is reported that a pair of horses once tendered him an apology for not joining the church. He never touched alcohol or tobacco, or said foolish things, or rested his elbows on the table, or played cards, or used slang expressions. He never encouraged anybody in anything for fear they might sin in doing it. When he smiled

it was with one side of his mouth at a time. Having no faults he was detested by all who knew him, but as no one dared confess this, each supposed the others loved him. Of course he was wealthy. The gentle maiden he was to marry also detested him, but without fully realizing it, for she had been repeatedly congratulated by her parents on her good fortune in securing the love of such a perfect man, and she was too well brought up to doubt their statements.

When the wedding day arrived every pew in the village church was full.

Now, it happened all by chance that Mr. Pinfeather Presto, a fairy of American parentage, was floating lazily along beneath the village elms that morning, disguised as a blue-bottle fly. When he neared the church, he saw at once some wedding was afoot, and he said to himself, "Here's for a look at her. I always did love a bride!" and he sailed boldly through the open door. Flying straight over the heads of the people until he was well in front, he looked about and then sat himself on the chancel rail. The great organ was pouring forth a wedding march, and all eyes were turned eagerly

toward the entering bride. She was pretty, but very pale, and it seemed to Mr. Pinfeather Presto that, were it not for her father's arm, she would have sunk to the floor. A glance at the groom, and he recognized at once the Perfect Man. "That explains it!" he muttered angrily. "He'll nag her to death with his beastly goodness, and she knows it?"

As his eyes fell again upon her unhappy face, his soul revolted at the sacrifice. "It's a shame!" he muttered; "and what's more, I'll stop it! Then, acting upon a quick resolve he buzzed away to a distant corner of the church, and disappeared behind a column. In less than twenty seconds he emerged, this time as a beautiful golden haired boy, just big enough to run about. The clergyman had begun the ceremony, and there was a solemn hush upon the congregation. Suddenly all ears were startled by a child's voice, and all eyes were turned upon the beautiful boy as he ran swiftly up the aisle. Then the Perfect Man felt a pair of chubby arms clasped tightly about his knees, and heard in a clear voice that penetrated every corner of the church:



"Papa, m a m m a s a y s o o m u s t n ' t h a v e a n u z z e r w i f e !"

A thrill of horror swept over the congregation. The bride swooned dead away and hung limp in her father's arms. The Perfect Man pushed rudely away the beautiful boy, and his own surprise and horror were taken for the embarrassment he would naturally display at the discovery of his guilt. All was tumult and confusion among the assembled friends, who quickly left the church to talk it over in each others' houses.

"O O M U S T N ' T H A V E A N U Z Z E R W I F E !"



"THE BRIDE SWOONED DEAD AWAY."



A more enjoyable horror was never experienced in that particular village.

The maiden afterward married the faulty young man she really loved, and they are still living happily together.

The beautiful boy was never seen again, and to this day is believed to have been murdered by his father, who finally drowned himself to escape the contempt of his neighbors.



## THE PIOUS NOBLEMAN AND THE BLIND HORSE.

Many years ago, in a distant country, there lived a nobleman who was an enthusiastic Christian. As no single creed could satisfy his religious cravings he became a strong Presbyterian, a violent Baptist, a

burning Catholic, a complicated Episcopalian, and the loudest of Methodists, all at the same time. Of course there were technical difficulties in being so many things at once, particularly as the various creeds all give the lie direct to one another ; but the Pious Nobleman was not the man to be thwarted by trifles. During the forenoon he would be, for instance, a Reformed Dutchman : and in the afternoon abandon himself to the delights of Calvinism. Whatever he was at the time, he despised all the others, like a good Christian.

Now the Pious Nobleman was very proud of a beautiful high-stepping gray horse, for which he had paid a thousand gold pieces. One morning, as he was riding to church, the gray horse kept on the Presbyterian highway instead of turning down the road that led to the Baptist temple. This of course was no fault of the horse, but it happened to annoy the nobleman, who poured forth a torrent of oaths and slashed him so fiercely over the head that he destroyed the sight of one eye. An inflammation set in which affected both eyes, and the gray horse became hopelessly blind. The Pious Nobleman, being a tender-hearted



A NEW STYLE IN BRIDLES.

man, was sorry for this, as it lessened the value of the animal and the eyes were unpleasant to look at.

He also remembered the thousand gold pieces.

But on the following Sunday, while attending service at the Episcopal chapel, he was struck by a clever idea which he at once carried out. Two leather slabs were so constructed, one on each side of the bridle, as to cover the horse's eyes. They were not very pretty to look at, and of course were unpleasant to wear; but with the addition of his crest and initials in silver, they passed for a new style in harness, and at once became the fashion.

He heard, about this time, that a neighboring widow wished to purchase a horse. So one morning while in an orthodox frame of mind he interviewed her coachman, and, placing fifty gold pieces in his hand, said:

"Fifty more shall come to you if your mistress buys the gray horse."

The next morning, after a short prayer before an expensive altar in the Catholic cathedral, he drove the gray charger to the widow's mansion, and when he returned the unsuspecting lady retained the horse, and the Enthusiastic Christian had fifteen hundred gold pieces in his pocket.



"FIFTY MORE SHALL COME TO YOU IF YOUR MISTRESS BUYS THE GRAY HORSE."

He realized with a grateful spirit his instrumentality in enabling an unprotected



THE COACHMAN INFORMS THE WIDOW OF HER GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.



widow to possess that priceless knowledge which is only acquired by experience.

. . . . .  
This Pious Nobleman has been dead for many years ; but if you should ever visit that extraordinary country, you will find they still blind their horses with pieces of leather, no matter how good their eyes are.

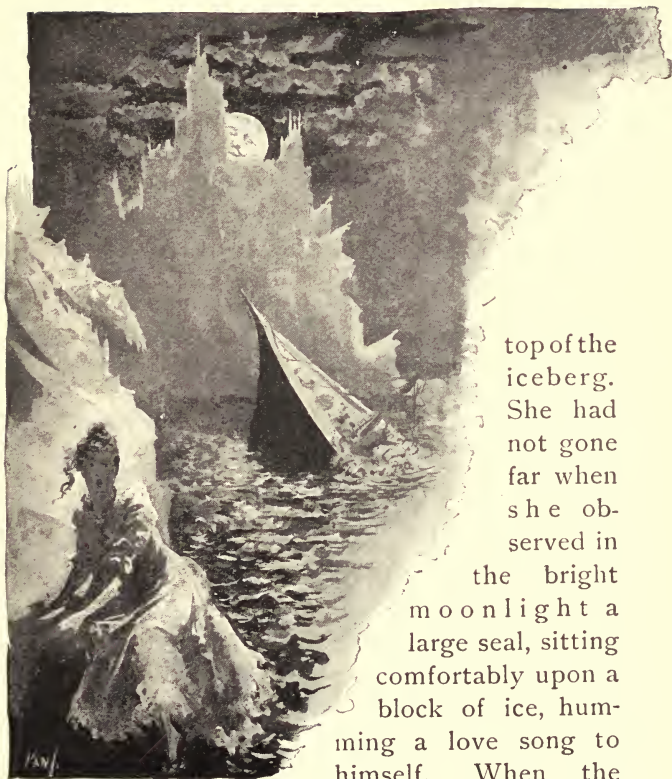
## THE BELLE AND THE SEAL.

Once upon a time a beautiful steamer was crossing the Atlantic Ocean at such a terrifying speed that one of the passengers said, in alarm, to the captain :

“ Isn’t it dangerous to go so fast ? ”

“ Not for us,” said the captain with a knowing wink, as the bow of the steamer crashed through a fishing smack. And he looked merrily aloft that he might not see the fishermen as they struggled about in the sea, crying aloud for help. Every life saved meant so many minutes lost, and the captain was a wise man and knew his business. But that night the beautiful steamer shot with a resounding crash into a still more beautiful iceberg, and sank with graceful undulations to the deep down bottom of the sea.

Of all the passengers only one was saved, and that was a Society Belle, who was thrown half awake upon the glittering ice. She was not hurt, but she found it very chilly, as her only clothing consisted of a single garment, white and cool, but with no particular fit. To keep herself from freezing she started off at a swift run along the



"OF ALL THE PASSENGERS ONLY  
ONE WAS SAVED."

top of the  
iceberg.  
She had  
not gone  
far when  
she ob-  
served in  
the bright  
moonlight a  
large seal, sitting  
comfortably upon a  
block of ice, hum-  
ming a love song to  
himself. When the  
seal espied her he  
arose, and, bowing  
gracefully, said:

"Good-evening, madam; please take my  
seat."

"Thank you," she said; "but if I do I shall freeze, as I have nothing on but——" here she blushed and added to herself, "How silly to be embarrassed. He is only a seal."

But the seal was already fumbling at his throat and began to unbutton his magnificent overcoat. She regarded him in amazement and exclaimed:

"Does it come off?"

"Everything comes off," he answered,

"from a baptism to a burial," and gallantly removing it, he threw the heavy garment over her shoulders. The

additional warmth was welcome, and although accustomed to fashionable life, and to appearing partially clad in the presence of gentlemen, she felt



"THE ADDITIONAL WARMTH WAS  
WELCOME."

more at ease than before. After they had sat for a time and conversed upon food and clothes and other fashionable topics, she became despondent and asked the seal if they could ever leave the iceberg alive.

"That depends entirely upon you," he answered. "If you consent to marry me we shall be rescued at once. Otherwise we perish."

"Marry a seal!" exclaimed the Society Belle, "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"But I am more than a seal. I am a seal with a whole coat of arms and a crest. You behold in me a prince."

"So much the worse," said she. "I should hate to live in poverty."

"I am not the usual prince of commerce. I am wealthy."

"Oh, well, that's different; but what sort of a man are you when you are not a seal?"

"I am a widower," he answered. "I was turned into a seal because I murdered my wife. I am a great club man and very sporty, rather brutal perhaps at times, but that is only when I am sober. And I play ecarté like an angel; also baccarat. In fact, I am just the sort of a man the average maiden falls in love with at first sight."



“THEY FOUND THEMSELVES UPON A BEAUTIFUL YACHT.”



“How interesting!” exclaimed the Society Belle. “I love you already. Take me. I am yours.”

And even as she spoke the iceberg began to change its shape, becoming narrower, like the deck of a steamer, and in another moment they found themselves upon a beautiful yacht, steaming rapidly for Europe. The prince, who was a handsome, dissipated looking man, with good features and no expression, stood proudly beside the belle and clasped her to his chest.

They soon reached land, where they were married with great pomp and ceremony, and lived unhappily ever afterward.



Jonathan was beloved of Dorothy and Dorothy was the girl who occupied the whole of Jonathan's heart. But marriage was not for them, as they were both too poor. No one else in the little village having been sanctified by wealth they failed to realize the vulgarity and sinfulness of poverty. Jonathan, however, knew there were innumerable dollars in the outside world and he decided to try and gather a few. So when he was twenty-one he said good-by to his family and friends, and there was a sad parting with the tearful Dorothy. He tried hard to persuade her that it was all for the best. "I don't believe in waiting for Fortune to begin the flirtation," he said; "she doesn't seem to be headin' for this vil-  
lage, and, if the old girl's got anything for me, I'll jest hunt her up and give her a show."



THE DEPARTURE OF JONATHAN.

And away he went.

Dorothy never realized until after his departure what a vast gap he filled in nature. She now saw how foolish and incomplete creation was without him.

As for Jonathan he tramped patiently along for about a week until he came to the suburbs of a tremendous city. As he passed along he was surprised to see twelve aristocratic young gentlemen sitting upon a curbstone. Some were weeping, some were cursing, and some were despairing silently. All being fashionably dressed and seemingly prosperous, his curiosity was aroused and he said to them:

"What's the row?"

"Mind your own business, Country," answered one of the youths, and they all frowned upon him as if annoyed by his presumption. Jonathan said nothing, and continued his journey into the city. As it was



THE MELANCHOLY SWELLS.

now about noontime, he sat upon a bench in the park to eat his dinner. He had just begun the frugal meal when he was joined by twelve hornets who also sat on the seat beside him. They seemed a friendly band and soon opened a conversation. Jonathan found them intelligent and well-bred hornets. He gave them some of the maple sugar he was eating and they relished it and partook very freely.

"I never tasted such maple sugar," said Ohlstingum, the leader, "and we are much indebted to you. If we can serve you in any way, let us know."

Just then another group of young men, fashionably dressed but broken-hearted, came walking by. Then Jonathan said to the hornets:

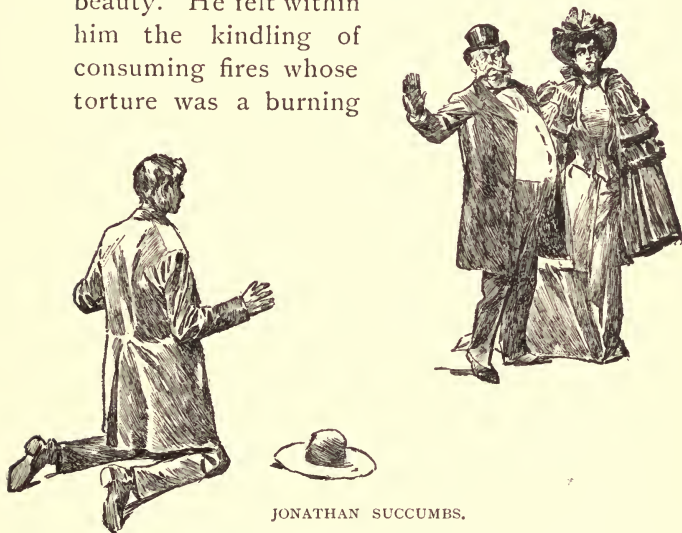
"Can you tell me why the young men in this town are so sorrowful?"

"Why, haven't you heard of Para Liza?" exclaimed all the hornets in surprise. Then Ohlstingum told him of the beautiful damsel whose spell no mortal could resist. To see her was to love her, and the coolest heads were intoxicated by a single glance from her eyes or the first words from her tongue.

"But no man can marry her," said Offie Hottend, one of the younger hornets, "unless he brings her a fortune from the enchanted Garden of Zpek. And here she comes now, with her father, the haughty banker! Don't look that way or you may fall beneath the spell!"

But Jonathan had already looked. His senses reeled and wavered in a drunken ecstasy as he gazed upon her face. He arose and stood before her. When her eyes met

his—and her eyes were limpid lakes of passion that meant a thousand things no words could utter—his soul was flooded with their beauty. He felt within him the kindling of consuming fires whose torture was a burning



JONATHAN SUCCUMBS.

joy. Almost involuntarily he threw himself upon his knees and had begun an excited declaration of his love, when the haughty banker interrupted him :

“Say no more, young man. He who weds my daughter must first bring a fortune from the Garden of Zpek.”

Then he led her away. But she turned

and gave Jonathan a glance that sent hot thrills a-coursing diagonally up his spine. The father and daughter disappeared around a turn in the walk leaving him upon his knees in the gravel, the hot thrill dying gently away among the roots of his hair.

He was recalled to himself and his undignified position by a suppressed chuckle from the hornets.

"You must pardon our levity," said Ohlstingum, "but not being human it is difficult for us to thoroughly appreciate your position and feelings. That the old gentleman should insist upon the fortune is only natural, as his finances are a little dizzy just at present."

"Very likely," replied Jonathan, "but I shall believe no ill of the daughter. Good-by."

"Where away?" cried all the hornets.

"To the enchanted Garden of Zpek," said Jonathan, and he started off. But the hornets flew after him and kept him company, exhorting him to throw aside his folly. They assured him that where one succeeded hundreds failed; that if the fever of Zpek once seized upon him he would never recover; that the soil of the garden was rich

with the blood of its victims. But Jonathan's brain was dancing with a woman's beauty and he had no use for reason, or for hornets.

"Then let us go with you," said Offle Hottend. "I was a broker once and we can give you points. And, when hornets give points, it means business," and he chuckled at his little joke.

Dorothy about this time was very blue. She was beginning to realize the possibility of Jonathan's loving some woman more beautiful than herself, and she shed silent tears upon the flowers as she watered them. Also, one or two fell from her lashes into the piecrust she was kneading in the kitchen.

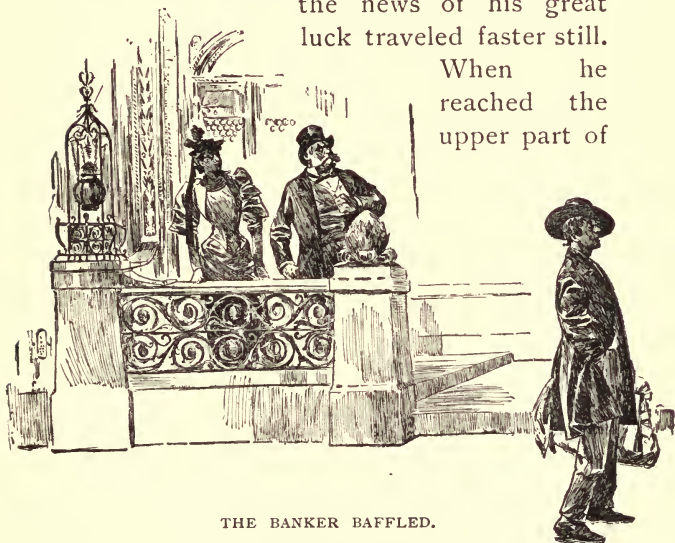
Jonathan, on the following morning, traveled two miles southward through the great city to the enchanted regions of Zpek. But on arriving he felt very much like turning back, for the garden was filled with bulls and bears and shouting men, all crazy with excitement. About him the ground was thickly strewn with bones of innumerable victims, but he boldly started in. Bleating lambs frisked gaily by him, hurrying to their doom, and, later on, their plaintive bah-bahs pierced his soul as they yielded up their

fleeces. Wild, shabby looking men, who had lost all they once possessed, were hurrying aimlessly about, having nothing to plant, but fascinated by the excitement of the garden. The trusty hornets guided him to a spot where the soil seemed promising, and there he planted the only gold piece he possessed. Within a minute it began to sprout. He watched it in a fever of anxiety. Up it grew and soon began to throw out little white rectangular leaves. These leaves were covered with cabalistic inscriptions which enabled the owner to transform them into gold at his pleasure. Noisy bulls and bears tried hard to interfere, and more than once he thought the enterprise was ruined, but the hornets always diverted them by skillful applications of their cruel weapons. Swiftly grew the plant and many were the leaves. At the proper moment, when they were fully developed and would lose their value if left longer on the branches, Jonathan plucked them all and hastened from the garden. Some bears came very near upsetting him, but the faithful hornets again saved the treasure by their hot attentions. The shorn lambs and half-demented men who hovered around the outskirts of the garden

looked enviously upon him as he hurried away, his hands and pockets filled with the gold-bearing leaves. Jonathan was now enormously rich.

Although he marched swiftly along, accompanied by Ohlstingum and the other hornets, the news of his great luck traveled faster still.

When he reached the upper part of



the city he saw the wealthy banker, his dazzling daughter by his side, standing on the marble steps of his mansion. The scornful expression had left his mouth and in its place was a welcoming smile.

"Enterprising young man," he said, reaching forth his hands, "you shall now marry my daughter."

"On the contrary," replied Jonathan, "I shall now marry a girl whose love for me bears no relation to treasures from Enchanted Gardens." As he spoke he kept his eyes away from Para Liza for fear of again yielding to the spell. The banker clenched his fist, and a fierce anger shot from his eyes.

"And as for re-establishing old gentlemen in business," continued Jonathan, "it is more

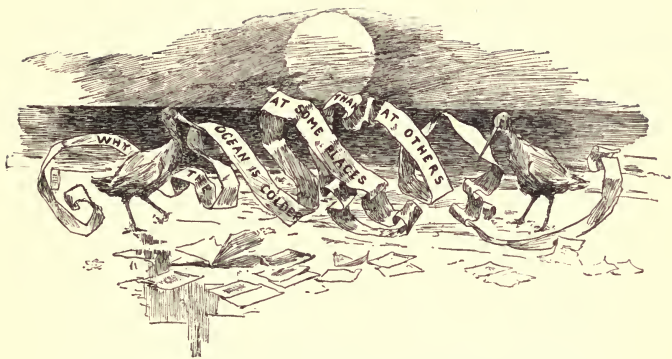


seemly that I should assist my own father than lavish my fortune upon strangers of uncertain reputation." Then, bowing politely, he turned and strode away.

When Dorothy saw Jonathan coming she ran to meet him with a cry of joy, leaving a scorching flat-iron upon her father's Sunday bosom.

They were soon after married and lived happily together in wealth and luxury.





When Complacency and the East Wind were married they built a village on Massachusetts Bay and christened it the Hub of the Universe. Their descendants are countless, all possessing, in varying degrees, the characteristics of their ancestors. But, of them all, none inherited their peculiar qualities in richer fulness than Priggie, the heroine of this tale. She was the perfect type ; the development in full flowers.

One day, many years ago, as she was strolling along the Beverly shore, reflecting sadly upon the unconventionality of the ocean, and the general abandon and impropriety of Nature, she was observed by two fairies, who, disguised as sand pipers, were strolling about the beach.

“ No mistaking were she’s from,” remarked one of the sand pipers.



THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE WEST.

"Could anybody want to marry her?"  
said the other.

"Possibly."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, let's try. Here's a man coming.  
We'll hypnotize him and have some fun!"

He was a Young Man from the West.  
When they cast their spell upon him, which

was a very strong one, it worked with astonishing quickness. He gazed rapturously upon the maiden; then, after a moment's indecision, he approached her hastily, yet timidly, and with quaking knees. Removing his hat he bowed, blushed and stammered, but could find no words to express his love.

Priggie was shocked beyond expression at being addressed by a stranger. Her thin lips grew thinner, and her eyes shot forth a freezing light that pierced the very marrow of his spine. An icy numbness crept upward to his brain. Like a frozen image he fell upon the sand. The fairies darted to his side and used all there magic to revive him. He soon recovered, and when he stood up and looked about him his love



"LIKE A FROZEN THING HE FELL UPON THE SAND."

returned, and, before the fairies could restrain him, he hurried after the vanished Priggie. She had rounded a point not far



“SEEN WHOM?”

away, and for a moment he feared he had lost her. Seeing a gentleman seated upon a rock, he said :

“Have you seen her?”

“Seen whom?”

“The loveliest woman in the world!”

“I may have seen her, but 'twas years ago, and further South.”

“No, no! I mean now, within a minute!”

“My friend,” said the gentleman, “be calm, and describe this lady, for I have seen several, and know not which of them you mean.”

"She has a face of intoxicating beauty," explained the Young Man from the West; "eyes that fill the soul with Heaven and Hell at once; her eyes are to the eyes of other women as diamonds are to dirt. Her hair is a golden dream; her voice—her voice I have never heard, but her figure is a ravishment to the senses, a bewildering dream of grace. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not seen her. I passed a girl a moment ago, but it was quite another. She had a pinched-up, snobby face: was distinctly uninteresting, and without a particle of style. There she is now, standing on the cliff."

The Young Man from the West, who had not listened to the last few words, exclaimed:

"Ah! 'tis she!" and hurried in that direction. Throwing himself at her feet he cried:

"Pardon me, oh, beautiful angel; but I love you more than all in life. I——"

"Stop, you unconventional horror," said Priggie in a dry, well regulated voice. Priggie's words were always carefully articulated. "Do you realize your presumption? Are you aware that you address a

Tchilli-Znubbha? Do you forget that my mother was an Offulznobb."

"Oh, I don't mind that!" he cried, "if I may only love **you**!"

"Don't mind that!" whispered Priggie as she tottered backward, with her hand to her forehead. "Gracious Heaven! can such ignorance obtain!" Then she repeated this couplet:

O Allah, who abidest in the Hub of the Universe!  
Pardon the unpardonable ignorance of this kneeling  
thing.

Tho' immeasurably beneath us in the scale of Nature,  
Smite him not. His ignorance of holy things is  
His misfortune, not his fault.

Then, gazing pityingly upon him, she said:

"Young man, know you not that the blood of the Pursyprouds and the Hev-vistiles, runs in my veins; that I am connected by marriage with the Pompusprigs, the Ha-Ha-Bloos, the Ho-Ho-Bloods, and with all the first families of the Hub?"

The young man answered, "These things scare me not. I love you for what you are. No taint of blood can turn aside my love!"

Priggie looked upon him with dilated

eyes, then gasped and swooned away. Before he could catch her, she fell to the earth. He raised her head gently in his arms, and finding her lips so near his own he put a burning kiss upon them. Priggie jumped up as though a bee had stung her. Spring-



PRIGGIE FAINTS.

ing to her feet she drew her hand across her mouth as if to cast away the profanation, then muttered with a look of horror:

"Held in his arms, and kissed by a stranger! What death too sudden? What grave too deep?" Then, in a lower tone: "The worst of it is we have been observed!" Readjusting her hat and hair, she cast a scornful look upon the Young Man from the West, walked stiffly to the edge of the cliff, and stepped over the edge. The

waves closed above her and that was the last of Priggie. The same sea washed the edges of the Hub, and, therefore, knew it was more *comme il faut* to retain the body than to cast it ashore and create a scene. And ever since that day the waters of this north shore have been colder than at other places along the American coast.

It is of no importance what became of the Young Man from the West.



## The Average Dog and The Usual Man



One Autumn morning as Katzwynk, a benevolent but quick-tempered brownie, reclined half asleep in the hollow of a pumpkin, he was aroused by the yelping of a dog as if in great pain. Looking in that directions he saw the dog was receiving some very energetic kicks from an irascible haymaker. With every blow the shrinking dog cried aloud with pain, and with each kick the haymaker shouted, "Shut up!" which was, of course, a difficult thing to do under the circumstances. The dog all the time kept his eyes imploringly upon his master as if he ought at least to know the reason of his punishment.

Katzwynk was disgusted with the man's brutality and, before realizing the importance of the act, had skipped up to them, tapped each with his finger, and changed one into the other.

Then away he flew.

Several months passed by, and when he saw them again he was surprised at the re-



THE IRASCIBLE HAYMAKER.

sults of his deed. The dog, who was now a man, had retained his own nature and became a trusty and lovable companion. He was a friend to whose fidelity and devotion there was absolutely no limit. It was refreshing to see a human being with a dog's dignity and forbearance. The man, on the contrary, who was now the dog, looked sharply after his own interests, snubbed the unfortunate dogs, and toadied the lucky ones, and cared little for his master or his



"THE MAN, WHO WAS NOW THE DOG."

master's household ; was often fretful and suspicious, his amiability depending apparently upon the state of his digestion. Moreover he was always ready to yield to any temptation that would promote his personal comfort or prosperity.

When Katzwynk came to know all this he related the facts of the case to the King and Queen of the fairies, and urged them to change all men into dogs and all dogs into

men; because, as he argued, a man's nature is so lamentably inferior to that of a dog that it is not only unfair but is a foolish waste of

good material for the superior animal to occupy such a subordinate and unimportant position.



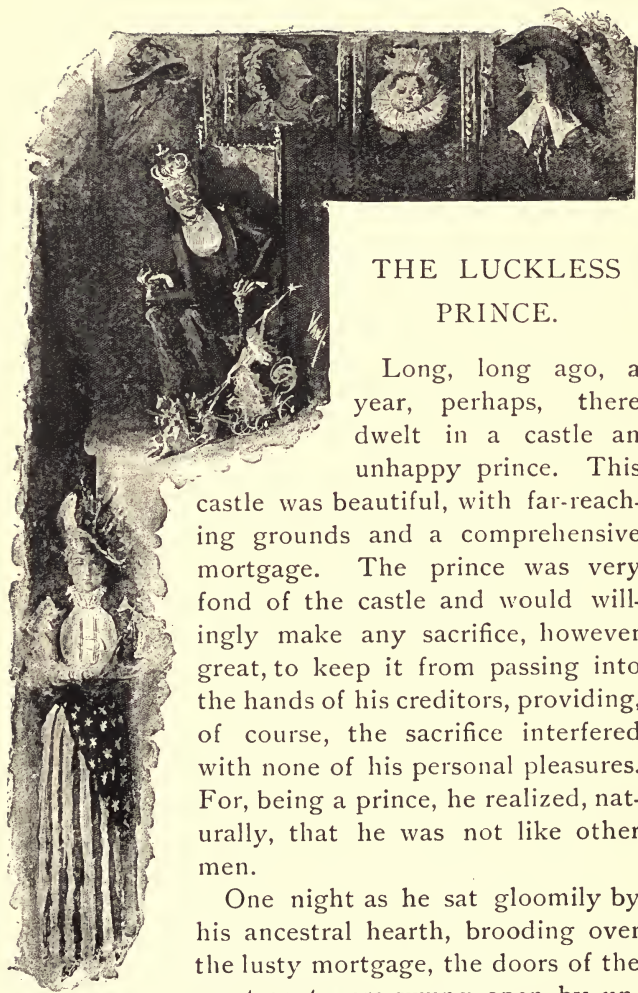
The Queen was enthusiastic over the scheme, but the King hesitated. He finally said: "The results of such a course would undoubtedly elevate the human race, but it is too important a step to take hastily. We will begin by transforming only those who are unkind to their dogs."

So the decree went forth, and became a custom.

There are, of course, cases where a dog is maltreated and the transformation does not take place, but that is only when the fairies are unaware of it.

So whenever you encounter a dog that is selfish, untrustworthy, and suspicious, you may be sure that he was once a man.

And those simple, unassuming men, whom you can trust with safety, are generally pure dog, with no taint of humanity.



## THE LUCKLESS PRINCE.

Long, long ago, a year, perhaps, there dwelt in a castle an unhappy prince. This castle was beautiful, with far-reaching grounds and a comprehensive mortgage. The prince was very fond of the castle and would willingly make any sacrifice, however great, to keep it from passing into the hands of his creditors, providing, of course, the sacrifice interfered with none of his personal pleasures. For, being a prince, he realized, naturally, that he was not like other men.

One night as he sat gloomily by his ancestral hearth, brooding over the lusty mortgage, the doors of the apartment were swung open by un-

seen hands and a tiny phaeton came rolling toward him. It was drawn by four bob-tailed squirrels, driven by a radiant fairy scarcely a foot high, but whose garments were of the latest Parisian style. As she drew up before the prince she nodded jauntily and said: "My off leader is a balker or I should have been here sooner. What's the matter now? the old trouble? Need a whole raft of shekels this time, eh?"

"Yes," said the prince, "and more than I can possibly raise."

"You must marry 'em."

"But none of the rich girls will do it. They all know me."

"Marry an American. They swallow anything with a title. Say the word, old boy, and I'll see you through."

"The best idea yet!" exclaimed the prince. "I'll do it."

"Good boy!" said the fairy. "Next time you want me, play on this," and, tossing him a golden jewsharp, she touched the bob-tailed squirrels and whirled out of the castle.

Six months afterward as he sat by himself in the diminutive solitude of his bedroom, at an American summer hotel, he

took the golden jewsharp from his trousers pocket and tried to play upon it. The noise caused the machine-made door to open as if by magic, and again the little fairy drove swiftly into the room. This time she was in a golden dog-cart, drawn by two exquisite black and tans, less than six inches high. She drove tandem.

"I have tried my best," said the prince, "but I can't do it. When I meet a girl I am willing to marry, the parents object; and when the parents are willing, the girl is a terror."

The fairy laughed.

"Then, as a rule, you don't fancy American girls?"

"Not for matrimony," said the prince. "But they are good fun for a summer flirtation."

"Don't you like their gentle voices," said the fairy, with a mischievous look; "their retiring manners, useful educations, and inexpensive tastes?"

The prince shuddered. "I hear their voices now," he said, "like knives in my ears."

But the fairy became serious and argued with him long and earnestly, finally impress-

ing upon him the necessity of preserving the ancestral castle. The result was that the prince promised to try again, and he soon after married an heiress, enormously rich in her own right, whose parents were both dead. She was a little older than was really necessary, but her clothes were above criticism. She had only been engaged three or four times before meeting the prince, which, considering her nationality, was rather unusual. But in spite of all this the prince had a secret contempt for her, and when it was necessary for him to make love, he would remember the glorious old castle her money was to save.

Now, the prince, although possessed of no unusual sense of humor, was playing an excellent joke upon himself. He had neglected, perhaps forgotten, in describing the ancestral residence, to tell her of his financial condition. One day, soon after their wedding, she came to him with a document in her hand and said, with an anxious face, "If I should lose my fortune, Princey dear, would you still love me just as much?" Now the prince knew this was an old device, so he drew her passionately to him and said with a tear in his voice :

"If your love, darling, is as great as mine, there could be no place in your heart for suspicion."

"You make me very happy," she said, "and lift a great weight from my heart. It is very lucky for us, dearest, that you are rich yourself. I ought to have told you earlier, perhaps, that papa left a clause in his will saying that if I married a foreigner my share of the estate should go to my brother." And as she spoke she showed him the document, and so it was written.

The prince pushed her away and was about to give vent to his rage, when the door opened and the stylish fairy came prancing in upon a chestnut rabbit. "Hush!" she said, raising her tiny riding whip in the air, "No abuse! You have each deceived the other in a loathsome fashion and you shall both be punished." So saying, she waved her whip toward the prince, and he was immediately transformed into a yellow Skye. Then she turned to the princess and changed her into a Persian cat, saying:

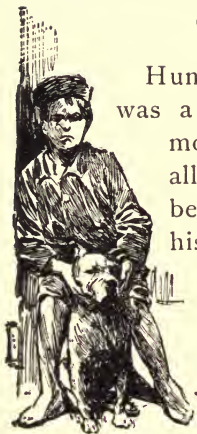
"Every other day you shall be the dog and the prince shall be the cat. Away!"

And the dog flew at the cat, and chased it out into the world, and they are still after

each other. So whenever you see a Skye terrier chasing a Persian cat you may know who they are ; but which is the prince and which the princess, is known only to the stylish fairy.



## THE ADVENTURES OF TWO CRIMINALS.



Hunky was a bad boy and his dog was a bad dog. Their manners, morals, and antecedents were all bad. Hunky's father had been hanged for murder and his mother, at the time of this story, was residing in a public institution as a common drunkard.

Grips, although he looked like a bull dog, was of varied and confusing ancestry. His expression was blasé and dissipated.

Both Hunky and Grips had brusque, unvarnished manners, ugly faces, crooked legs, and hoarse voices. Their past experience was such as to make them suspicious of everything except each other. Hunky had inherited several tendencies that were actively discouraged by the police; but crime possessed no terrors for Grips and he had stuck by him through thick and thin. Hunky was a liar and a thief. Grips was a thief and a bully; with the power of

speech he would probably have been a more expert liar than his master.

One morning in May, when neither had eaten anything since the previous noon, they stopped in front of a grocer's just to look at the display and realize what fun there was in store for those who were to eat it. As an old gentleman, who happened to be beside him, took out a handful of money to pay for his purchases, Hunky's empty stomach furnished him the courage for a daring deed. With his brain dazzled by the ice cream and cocoanut cakes those bills would buy, and the pounds of raw meat they would procure for Grips, he snatched them and darted away. As he rounded the nearest corner with the cry of "Stop thief!" in his ears, he ran straight into the arms of a policeman. In vain he struggled to get away. Grips realized the necessity of immediate action, and fastened himself with painful enterprise upon a tender portion of the public guardian. Swiftly were the fingers loosened from Hunky's collar; and the latter, knowing that Grips had always been able to look out for himself, vanished from the scene with the celerity and skill which are gained only by experience. The

report of a pistol, however, told him the worst had happened.

He afterward got possession of the body and gave it a decent burial. In the soap box, which served as a coffin, he laid the stolen purse with its contents, so that Grips, in another world, might secure the nourishment he had so often missed in this one. As he was gently patting down the fresh earth upon the grave and making no efforts to suppress his grief, he heard someone say :

“ Phwat are yez that blue about ? ”

Turning his head he saw beside him a strange little figure, too small even for a dwarf.

“ I am sorry about Grips.”

“ Phwat’s the matther wid him ? ”

“ He’s dead.”

“ Begorra, that’s something ! ” said the little figure.

“ An’ that aint the worst of it,” said Hunky, “ for I want to foller him an’ I dunno where he is.”

“ I wish I could tell yez,” said the short one, “ but, bedad ! it’s a tough one ter answer. Howld on tho’, I have an idea. The head of the Church knows everything.”

And as Hunky watched him he grew taller and taller, his clothes became rich and ample, a tiara sprouted upon his head, and, lo! he was a pope. Hunky had never seen a pope before and was very much astonished. The pope laughed at his amazement and said:



"We've got wisdom by the scruff o' the neck, now, be jabbers! Tell us about yer friend. Was he a Roman Catholic?"

"I dunno."

"Yer dunno whether he belonged to the Church or not?"

"No. He didn't belong to nothin'—except me."

"Did he never go to mass, or confess, or attind howly service, or any o' them things?"

"No."

"Then it's a slim show for heaven he has, bad 'cess to him! He's down below."

"In hell?"

"Sure."

"Good!" said Hunky.

"Then he was no friend to yez?"

"Wasn't he though! Only one I had. But I want ter foller him an' they'd never take me inter heaven."

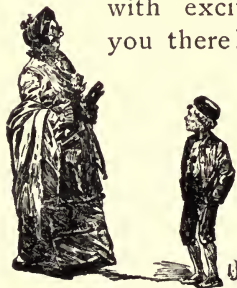
"Oi'm not sure o' that," said the pope; "children have a chance. But I have another idea. Oi'll excommunicate yez, and ye'll go to hell sure."

So he excommunicated him, and then returned to his original shape. Hunky thanked him and they separated, each going his own way.

Hunky had not traveled far before he met an old lady, with curls and spectacles, who asked him whither he was hurrying.

"I'm goin' ter hell," said Hunky.

"Mercy on us?" exclaimed the old lady as she threw up her hands, and quivered with excitement; "What takes you there?"



"My best friend has gone on ahead, an' I'm a hurryin' ter join 'im."

"But how do you know he is there and not in heaven?"

"He wasn't a Cath-

olic," said Hunky, "and it's only them as goes to heaven."

"Sakes alive!" gasped the old lady. "Is that official?"

"Straight from the pope," said Hunky, and he hurried on toward the river. As he ran out on the wharf he passed very near a barrel standing end up, on the top of which were four fairies playing poker.

They all looked up as he came by, and asked what was the matter.

"I'm a-goin' to join Grips," said Hunky.

"Is he in the river?" they all asked.

"No; he's in hell."

"I don't believe it," said one of the fairies, who was a Universalist; "There is no hell. It's your ante, Pinklegs."

"Yes, there is," said Hunky, "and Grips is in it."

"He must have been a pretty tough character from your being so sure. Was he a murderer, or just a burglar?"

"O' course he wasn't," said Hunky.

"Was he married?" asked a very young fairy who had recently become engaged.

"Oh, ya-a-s," said Hunky, in a sarcastic tone; "dogs is given ter gitten married."

"Oh, he was a dog, was he?" they all ex-

claimed, and thereupon laughed hilariously, but all the time keeping on with the game.

One of them, Beesbelly by name, lost his equilibrium in a fit of mirth and tumbled over backward.



Being a fairy of great presence of mind, he turned quickly into a rubber ball when he felt himself going and bounced harmlessly up again on striking the wharf. Resuming his usual shape as he neared the top of the barrel on the return bound,

he slid back into his old seat, took up his cards and went on with the game as if no interruption had occurred.

"Dogs have no souls," one of them explained to Hunky. "When they are dead that's the end of 'em. They don't go anywhere. Ten better, Bulby."

"Grips was a special kind o' dog," said Hunky. "He must'er gone somewhere."

"No. Dead dogs are dead, and that's the end of 'em."

Hunky was so unhappy upon hearing this that the fairy felt a great pity for him, and

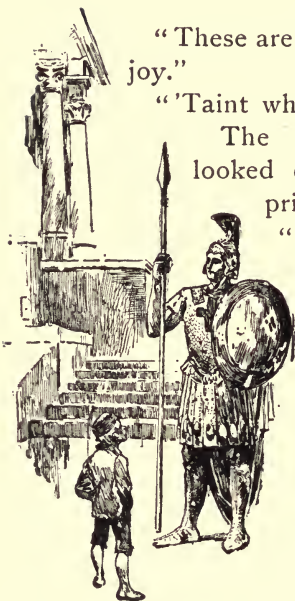
as Hunky turned and walked dejectedly away, he cried out to him, "The first wish you utter shall be granted, so be careful!"

But Hunky was absorbed by his grief at the thought of never seeing his old pal again, and the world seemed such a desolate blank without him, that he did not hear what the fairy had promised. In his loneliness and despair he curled up in a doorway, and pulling his cap over his eyes, muttered, "Wisht 'er was dead."

A few minutes later a little crowd gathered about the doorsteps as a policeman lifted in his arms the lifeless body of a ragged, red-headed urchin and bore it tenderly away.

There were echoes of distant music in the air when Hunky opened his eyes upon the golden glories about him. He stood among a group who, like himself, seemed just arrived, but all the others had happy faces as they gazed in wonder upon the splendors that encompassed them.

Standing near him was an imposing personage clad in white and gold. As he seemed to be one of the officers of the vast palace, Hunky went over to him and said: "Soy, Mister, what place is dis?"



"These are the realms of eternal joy."

"Taint where I wanted to go."

The imposing personage looked down at him in surprise.

"I wanted to be with Grips."

"Grips?" said the man in white, and then, as if trying to recall something: "Grips—Grips. Is that a dog?"

"Yes, my dog," said Hunky.

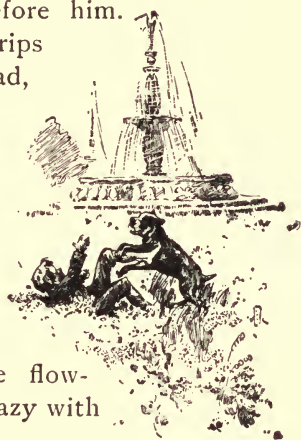
"I think he came this morning," said the man in white, and pointing down the hall said: "You see the fifth arch on the right with ruby columns and silver doors? Well, I saw him turn in there not ten minutes ago."

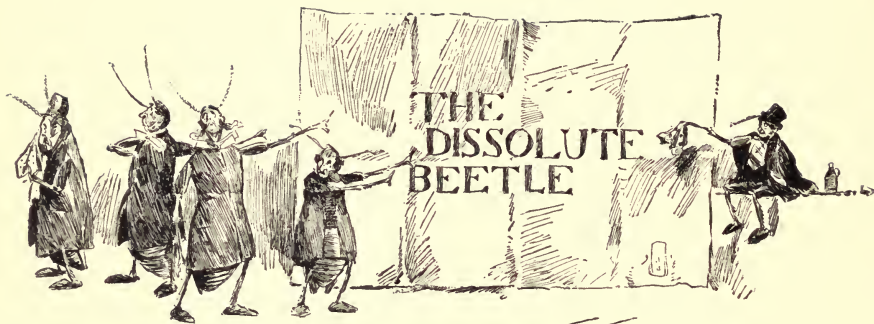
Hunky started off on a run. When he reached the fifth arch he looked through upon a beautiful garden, all gay with flowers and splashing fountains, and there, in a pen-sive attitude, was Grips, gazing listlessly

upon the beauties before him.

Hunky whistled; Grips started, turned his head, gave a cry of joy, then bounded over the grass as if shot from a cannon. He flew into Hunky's arms with such force as to knock him backward, and they rolled over and over among the flowers. Grips seemed crazy with joy.

They never parted again and are still living happily together.





Lotzofun's father was one of the most influential beetles in the vast garden where he resided. The son, also, could have been prosperous and respected if he had only behaved himself; but he was too fond of pleasure. When the beautiful Scarabella became his bride they had every prospect of a long and happy life. Scarabella's father gave them a flower-pot in the greenhouse for a winter residence, and in summer they occupied a pond lily on the neighboring lake. But they had been married a very short time when Lotzofun took to flying about after dark and being very attentive to the belles of the neighborhood. There

was scarcely an attractive damsel of the beetle tribe for acres about to whom the festive Lotzofun had not whispered words of love. Night after night he would sit in the light of the moon with an arm about the waist of a beetle belle, ignoring his marriage vows and without a thought for the gentle Scarabella, who sat waiting for him at home.

At other times, and at hours when order-loving bugs were sound asleep, he would join a gang of drunken revelers and make night hideous with his pranks. All this was very hard for Scarabella. She pleaded with him and beseeched him to mend his ways, but in vain. He became sullen and irritable when at home, and his beetle brows would darken at any suggestion of reform and early hours.

One night, after sitting up for him until long after twelve o'clock, she went forth, as she had often done before, in the wild hope that she might find him and lead him home. A long time she wandered, but in vain, for the night was dark, the world was wide, and Lotzofun was wily. Weary and sad, she at last crawled under a strawberry leaf to rest her wings and have a gentle cry. The gentle

cry had a soothing effect, for she soon fell asleep. Her nap was short. A very few moments had passed before she was awakened by the sound of voices coming from the upper side of the leaf above her head. From the words that reached her ear, it was very evident that two lovers were there, and very close together. Poor Scarabella recalled the happy hours that she and her once faithful adorer had spooned away in similar fashion. But it seemed unfair to be overhearing such a conversation, and she had just resolved to steal silently away, when the lover above raised his voice in an unusually passionate declaration of love, and it sent cold shivers up and down her diminutive spine. She listened again, and then was sure. Darting from beneath the leaf she turned about and faced them. In the dim light they seemed like one being, so close were they together. But there he was, the faithless Lotzofun!

It was a lively and painful scene that followed. The lady on the leaf was shocked to find her lover married. Lotzofun was naturally embarrassed.

As for Scarabella, she had suddenly developed into a different creature. All gen-

tleness and forbearance seemed to have gone forever. The explanations and promises of Lotzofun were naturally of little value and produced no impression whatever.



A PAINFUL SCENE.

After a few emphatic remarks, all short and direct to the point, she turned her back and flew quickly away. She did not go home, but made straight for the spacious crack under the Corinthian porch, where her

father resided, and gave him all the facts.

The next morning there was a meeting of



SHE TELLS ALL TO HER FATHER.

the leading beetles, at which it was almost unanimously resolved that Lotzofun should be formally drowned. He had long been looked upon as a danger to the morals of the community, and every father of a winsome daughter

voted promptly for his death. At this dreadful sentence, however, Scarabella softened and begged piteously for his life. She entreated so earnestly and her grief was so heartrending that this wish was finally granted; but they caused his wings to be treated by a neighboring wizard in such a manner that whenever he flew about after dark he shed a brilliant light. This was a happy idea, as it warned everybody of his approach and at the same time enabled Scarabella to hunt him up with less difficulty. He reformed after this and they

lived happily together, and had innumerable children, all of whom inherited the illuminating qualities of their father.

So when you see them darting about of a summer's night, you will easily recognize them as the descendants of Lotzofun.



## THE ENCHANTED PORTRAIT.

Far away in the State of Maine, there stands a fine old colonial mansion. It is out of repair now, but you can see what a pleasant home it must have been for Hester, the little girl who formerly dwelt there. When her parents died, the old house and all it contained was sold to strangers. Everything went to pay her father's debts, but of all the heirlooms, the one she most regretted to part with was the full-length portrait of an ancestor in Continental uniform. Hester always regarded the old General with the deepest affection, and it seemed to her that he never failed to return her glances with a jovial smile. His face was round and rosy, and it was evident from his mellow eye and cheerful nose that he and port had been the fastest friends. He must have been an important personage, if one could judge by his blue and buff coat with gold facings. One hand was on the hilt of his sword, the other held a folded paper, and Hester used to wonder what was written on it. But the rosy General was sold with everything else.



THE ENCHANTED PORTRAIT.



The distant relatives with whom Hester went to live as governess resided in the golden city of Manhattan. They were very wealthy and received her as cordially as the immeasurable social gulf between them would permit.

Now a great surprise was in store for Hester. The day after her arrival she had occasion to enter the palatial drawing room of her new home, and there, to her amazement and joy, she saw the old General on the wall. She was very happy and at once felt more at home. But the General seemed to have changed since last they met. She noticed that his eyes, instead of meeting hers with the old-time smile, looked coldly over her head and with a much less amiable expression. She soon found, however, that when they were alone he beamed pleasantly upon her, but immediately resumed his haughty and far-away look when any of the family entered the room. The only reason she could think of for such conduct was that he objected to being taken for an ancestor of the family, although as a family they were aristocratic enough for any ancestor. They wallowed in style and were reeking with fashion. For all that is pompous and hollow

they had a deep and honest reverence. But this was not true of the eldest son, whose simple tastes and honest instincts were a perpetual mortification to his mother. He also had the good taste to fall deeply in love with Hester the first time they met.

On Christmas eve there was a great dinner at the house, and all the members of this complacent family were there, and, also, several others related to them by marriage; and even others who were not related. But all were prosperous and *comme il faut*, and absolutely correct in manner and deportment according to the latest information from abroad. Consequently they were startlingly original and interesting. After dinner the eldest son followed Hester into the library, and when he asked her to be his wife she could not say him nay, for her heart was already his. As the library was dimly lighted, they observed the ceremonies that usually attend occasions of this nature; after which he led her into the palatial drawing room where all the family and guests were assembled. Then he announced the good tidings. All eyes were fixed upon them and it was a very embarrassing moment for Hester. After her lover had made the



THE USUAL CEREMONIES.



A CRUEL SNUB FROM THE FAMILY.

announcement there was a chilling silence. Her embarrassment became an agony, and she tottered and nearly sank to the floor when the haughty father said slowly, with a contemptuous expression :

"Never, with my consent, shall you marry one so far beneath you."

Then the outraged mother, her face flushed with anger, exclaimed :

"Never, with my consent, shall you disgrace your family by such a *mésalliance* !"

By this time all the mothers of marriageable sons had fixed their despising gaze angrily upon the blushing girl. The hot blood rushed to her face. Her knees were bending beneath her and the whole room began to swim about, when she was recalled to consciousness by an astounding sight. As her appealing eyes sought instinctively those of her old friend on the wall, she saw him turn his eyes toward the wealthy parents and reach forth his hand. To the wonderment of all present he stepped from his gilded frame upon the sofa beneath him and then to the floor.

"A disgrace to your family, I understand?" he said, with a contemptuous smile. Then approaching the trembling maiden, he placed in her hand the paper he had guarded for so many years.

"As my rightful heir and only relative I give you this, and with it my blessing." Turning to the erstwhile haughty but now



mortified parents, and pointing to the empty picture frame, he said :

“ Allow me to present to you the real founder of your house.”

And there in the gilded frame stood a vulgar, hardfaced man, shabbily dressed, and with no dignity in his bearing.

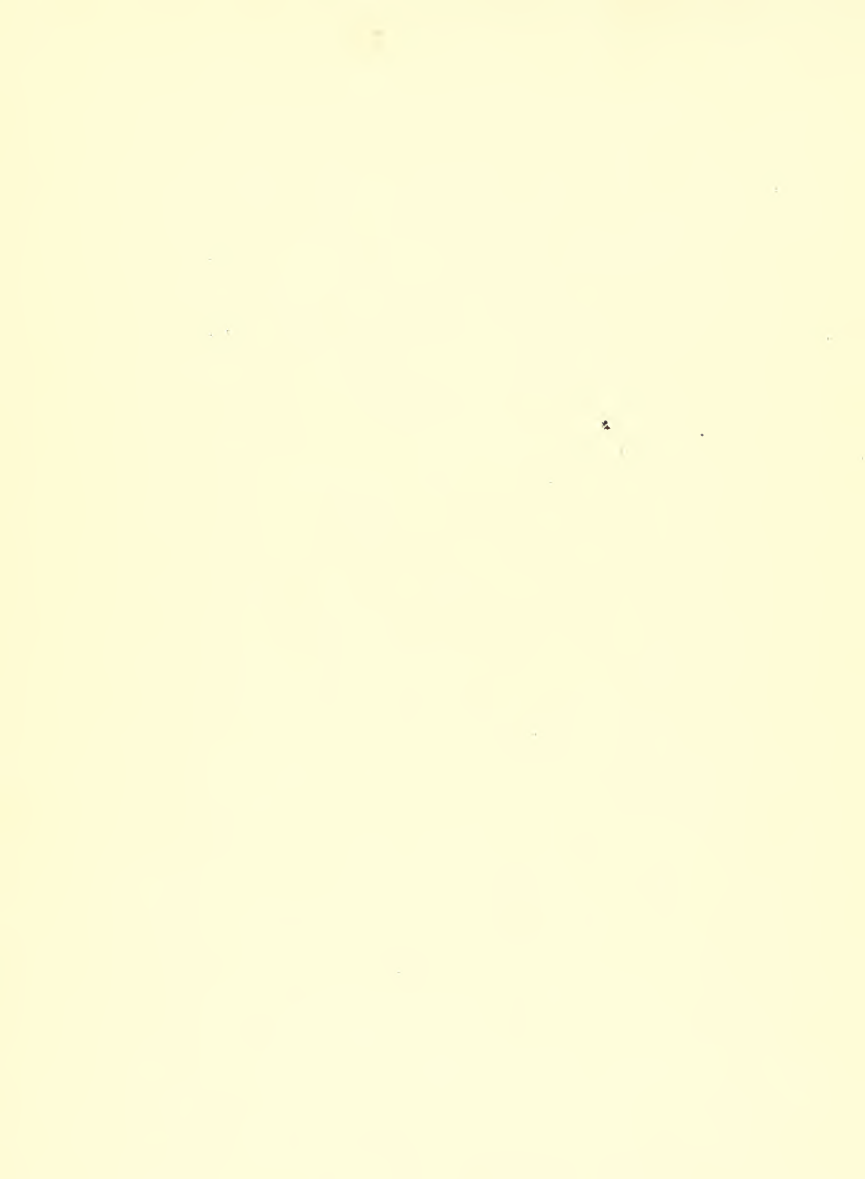
When the eyes of the astonished company sought again the rosy General they sought in vain. He had vanished, and never more was he seen in that dwelling. The mysterious document proved to be the title to a rich estate, and Hester and her husband became at once enormously wealthy and lived happily together ever afterward.

The rosy General followed them to their new house and always occupied the place of honor on the wall.

No human power could remove the undignified progenitor from the palatial drawing room, and he stands there to this day. The house of course is deserted and filled with cobwebs, for no family with social ambitions can associate on equal terms with such an ancestor.









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